

THE OCEANIC CALL

VOLUME XXXV NO. 50

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY MARCH 3, 1943

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

Red Cross Drive For Funds Opens

Donations for the Red Cross fund may be left at the following places: R. C. Clifford, Pioneer Elevator; J. M. Webb, U.D.G. Elevator; Wm. Blaney, Pool Elevator; Mr. Hampton, Shoe Store; R. W. Brown, Red and White Store; A. P. MacCallum, Wm. Varnell; George McBean, Stobart.

Ben Brower, Stobart. A young Canadian warrant officer in the R.C.A.F. has just come home from Casablanca. Outwardly, there is little to set him apart from the thousands of other clear-eyed, stalwart young Canadians wearing Air Force blue on the streets today, but there the similarity ceases. This lad is suffering from malnutrition.

His impressions of Casablanca were gained long before that historic conference which made the name a byword the world over, but that town will always stand out in his memory for two other reasons. It was at Casablanca that he was shot down by anti-aircraft fire during his first mission. He got his first real meal after five months in a German prison camp, 200 miles deep into French Africa.

Soon after the landing of American troops at Oran, this young Canadian flyer was released, and he was sent to the United States and British servicemen, and made his way back to Canada via Gibraltar, England and New York. One of the first things he did on his return was to visit the Toronto packing centre of the Canadian Red Cross so that he could personally express his thanks for the prisoners of war parcels which, he claims, saved the lives of the 800 prisoners at this particular camp.

To use his own words: "Our daily diet of lentil soup and black bread wasn't very nourishing. Without the Canadian Red Cross food parcels, we would certainly have starved to death."

Providing food parcels for prisoners of war has become the greatest and most appreciated function of the Canadian Red Cross today, and at the same time, the most expensive. Already over 2,000,000 of these parcels have been shipped from Canada and it will be necessary for the Canadian Red Cross to continue to provide parcels for the Red Cross Campaign if the present program of 100,000 each week is to be maintained.

FROM THE FILES OF THE CALL TWENTY YEARS AGO

The business men of Gleichen entertained the Fire Brigade and were served by the ladies of the Women's Institute, which was attended by about 70 citizens. The dinner was given with a view of expressing in a tangible form due appreciation of the splendid work of the brigade in saving the greater part of the town on the night of the big fire. A debate was arranged on opportunity. Accordingly Rev. Hull (alias Lorn Webster), Dr. Clark (alias Harry Brown) and Judge Winters (alias S. Milken) were introduced. Rev. Hull opened the debate with a very sanctimonious and telling in the wondrous prosperity, happiness and contentment that prohibition had brought Alberta and intimated that if Gleichen had been better these might have been no fire here. Dr. Clark wanted to know what good a hotel would do people here and ripped his reverence arguments all to pieces. Judge Winters kindly took into consideration what was said and what might have been said what he knew himself. He gave his decision in favor of Dr. Clark which he severely reprimanded.

Austin Brown of Queenstown had the misfortune to break his leg at the Indian colts race. He was off to the right and left to skip Clifford and skip MacDonald, the winners of the third annual bonspiel. Clifford won the grand challenge by defeating Allen, MacDonald won from Clifford, winning the merchants. Clifford's risk came when Dr. Brown, S. A. Hall and R. A. Brown. They played more games and won more games than any Gleichen risk ever won at a local bonspiel, winning ten out eleven games played, winning through good and poor cures alike.

Councillors Elected For New M. D.

The new municipality has elected all the councillors. Four members were elected by acclamation on nomination day, namely: J. A. MacArthur of Gleichen, J. M. Wheatley of Chancellors, C. Nelson of Carleton Place and C. H. Cowell of Cheside.

For the fifth seat it was necessary to have an election, two being nominated by T. H. Harwood of Strathmore and H. T. Colpoys of Nanaka. Saturday was election day and resulted in Mr. Harwood being elected.

LIST OF DONATIONS TO RUSSIAN FUND

Only two subscriptions to the Aid to Russia Fund were received last week by T. H. Beach and were as follows: Della Hunter \$1.00 H. Glover 1.00 Previously acknowledged 67.00

Milo Will Hold Red Cross Sale

At Milo, on Saturday March 13th, a big auction sale in aid of the Red Cross fund will be held. It is stated that already over 500 donations to the fund have been received, ranging from a pure bred Hereford bull calf to chickens and vegetables. Any local who wants to donate to this sale will be credited for same in their own to eat. The informant states that it is up to every person in the district to turn out and help this worthy cause. Three auctioneers will be on hand for the occasion, namely: Joseph Garding, Elmer Bechman and Commodore Allen.

After clearing the town several times an airplane from Medicine Hat was forced to land in J. O. Bogat's field owing to the gasoline supply running low. The pilot a member of the R.C.A.F., noticed the field was rough, even though covered with snow, did not let down his landing gear and as the machine was a low winged plane landed on its wings and belly, sliding a short distance came to a stop. The pilot was not hurt and very little damage to the plane could be seen as far as the ordinary cockpit could make out. The next day a R.C.A.F. outfit from the Hat arrived on the scene and dismantling the plane took it home for repairs.

Tunisia where the Allies are battling today, is one of the oldest agricultural areas in the world, and one of the richest in fertile soil, and in consequence has been the scene of war and battles for its possession by different tribes and nations from the dawn of civilization. The Phoenicians who occupied Tunisia in Roman and pre-Roman times were the first world traders, and were the base of their capital—was the ancient Carthage, a very sanctimonious and telling in the wondrous prosperity, happiness and contentment that prohibition had brought Alberta and intimated that if Gleichen had been better these might have been no fire here. Dr. Clark wanted to know what good a hotel would do people here and ripped his reverence arguments all to pieces. Judge Winters kindly took into consideration what was said and what might have been said what he knew himself. He gave his decision in favor of Dr. Clark which he severely reprimanded.

Austin Brown of Queenstown had the misfortune to break his leg at the Indian colts race. He was off to the right and left to skip Clifford and skip MacDonald, the winners of the third annual bonspiel. Clifford won the grand challenge by defeating Allen, MacDonald won from Clifford, winning the merchants. Clifford's risk came when Dr. Brown, S. A. Hall and R. A. Brown. They played more games and won more games than any Gleichen risk ever won at a local bonspiel, winning ten out eleven games played, winning through good and poor cures alike.

A COUNTRY EDITOR SEES Ottawa

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA BY JIM GREENBLAT, EDITOR OF THE SWIFT CURRENT SERRAVALLO

OILS AND FATS—CONSUMERS BRANCH

It wasn't Mrs. Phillips Turner's good looks that made me deal with Oils and Fats in the second article, but its tremendous importance emphasized by the fact that despite Goebbels' propaganda of synthetic procurement in Germany, she decried that is mostly blank. The supply bolts here and there must depend on agriculture, whaling and fishing. Germany's economic fat plan was the original basis for their universal system of a state-controlled agriculture industry and commerce. Recovery of waste and garbage fats in the households there is mandatory. Think that over, housewives of Canada, when they "appeal" to you to avoid unnecessary usage and waste of oils and fats.

The picture is so simple folks. Fats and vegetable oils are our only source of glycine for explosives, medicines, lubricants, etc.—cigarettes when available. The average yield from 10 to 12 pounds of "oil" you know. Mrs. Turner flung at me in trip-hammer succession, "that one ounce of dripping per person per week would cost 10 to 12 million dollars a year." That 10 lbs. of rendered fats gives 48 anti-aircraft shells! That one ounce of glycerine has 160 tank mines or 780 lbs. of high explosive or enough to mine 780 tons of ore!" I had to admit ignorance. You who have some depending on this (which depends on you) are you interested?

On Troubled Waters

Just imagine the ramifications, if this administration, especially since Japan plunged holes in the Pacific; conserving, inducing and coordinating our vital vegetable, animal and fish oils for food and industrial purposes. In vitamin oils, lard, shortening, paints, linoleum, waxes, starches, blurs, soap, naval stores, (resins, turpentine, pine oils). As for nutrition, you could you eat it without a proper proportion of oils and fats in your diet? Mom, isn't it just plain silliness, doesn't it make you think—as I do me—to hear that we depend so much on it, in our shaving; butter which is 66 percent fat, our meat in its shortening, our clothes and shoes which get treatment from oils or derivatives; the very oil in the linoleum you walk on. Each day we normally consume 450 million lbs. of fats yearly in Canada, 500 million in the U.S. 45 percent, had to be imported, originating largely in the Far East. That source went out with Pearl Harbor; your boy guarding consignment that even India and West Africa is getting tougher to reach.

Heavy demands for the stout, hearted but hungry Russians, for Britain, for ourselves must be met on this continent, in only one way: increased hemisphere production, reduced in consumption. Mrs. Turner sits on the United Nations Council of United States, United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia, which means in Washington and even Canada's production is pooled, out of which we get only edible and inedible requirements on a strictly controlled basis.

I know you're interested in this situation. We get linseed oil from flax; wheat-gluten production, it is hoped, will be stepped up to at least 20 million bushels this year compared to 6½ in 1941. The U.S. Navy has built a soyabean based crop, sunflower and rapeseed.

Why Billions Are Needed

"Why control fats?" "Why control fats?" S. A. Increased its production two billion. Farmers and farm housewives who are in the time-honored custom of coming to town every Saturday for their weekly shopping, will be glad to learn that the ration administration Board has decided that coupons in the new ration books will become good on Saturdays now instead of Mondays and Dax James. J. J. Robinson has been suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

lion pounds last year?" I asked Mrs. Turner to show that I read Time and the Ottawa papers. With that restful and patient smile she asked me, "Did you know that the U.S.A. consumed 11 billion lbs. last year; that a billion was cut off from the Far East and furthermore what assurance have any of us that this year's crops will give high yields as last?" Could you answer that smartly, even if you are a stove leaver?

Sure you've got a baby around the house. Prior to the war 75 per cent of cod liver oil was imported, mostly from Britain, Norway and Newfoundland. The fishing companies on our Atlantic coast wasted much of the previous vitamin content for tanning, etc., feeding livestock and poultry. Do you know that since 1941 we now have five plants of our own producing refined medicinal cod liver oil and that we will be in a position to supply our own needs of cod liver oil from 120,000 tons of cod fish from 120,000 tons of cod fish. That industry is a war baby and, believe me, a piping Vitamin A oil, rich and fortifying margarine and for night fliers, and is being produced in Canada by the British Ministry of Food.

Agriculture Comes Into Picture Yes, I got enough of the story to know that a combination of science management and invention has put us on the threshold of a period when Canadian agricultural production will take its rightful place in Canadian industry. That's where you and I are interested.

Through efforts of this division, linseed oil is now being processed to replace drying oils hitherto obtained from China, as soyabean oil will probably be used in "rayon" type artificial silk; what will be a source of starch and sodium glutamate, the latter presently exported from Japan and used for the meaty flavor in concentration soups and beverages.

"Keep the fat out of the fire" was the administrator's appeal to women of Canada. It means oil for marine engines, breaks fluid for tanks and trucks, the life of linoleum and glycerine to mention a few. Consumer Organization Functionaries I must hurry on to Byrne Sanders, head of the Consumers' Division, which is giving the Canadian consumer a voice and has 8,000 women across the country to try doing active voluntary service co-operating in their own interest, and trying hard to make for a better understanding between the consumer and retailer.

"The women are doing a grand job," she said and flashed a toothy grin in consumption. Mrs. Turner said, "I mean it." "Our task is to channel their difficulties and complaints to wardens and then we can go at the problems again." She added women are prone to criticism. (Boy she ought to hear the men in a smoking car.) Her division is trying so hard to get closer to women everywhere because their whole job so closely affects the household. B. H. Sanders is practical because she said, "The war hasn't started to hurt us yet. It like 'what?' Price checking is one of the big jobs of this division, but she feels in this that the honest retailers deserve protection from those who might not be. She was women to co-operate with her. These liaison officers in all towns are the link to do it.

The Consumers Board is set up to represent all you people! and here we quote her exact expression which reflects the energy and determination of this woman, Mrs. Forster's sake use it if anything is wrong and it to your nearest committee. I went out past a battery of female operated typewriters in high gear. I thought if Mom can run the household on Dad's budget, a woman can run the Consumers division mighty effectively with the help of other women across Canada.



"I'VE BEEN hailed out. But I've got an idea." John Freeman sat across the desk from his bank manager in a small prairie town. John's eyes twinkled but his mouth was grim. "Ideas about all I have got!" he mused.

The banker knew John, a hard-working, honest, shrewd prairie farmer, a fighter. "Let's have your ideas," he said.

"I'll take funds, plenty of funds, and I have a bank, any not now?" said John. "But listen." The banker listened.

"I know cattle," said John, when he had finished. "I'll work with 'em, I'll stake 'em."

The banker staked him. With a considerable loan from the bank, John bought feeder cattle and fattened them on his beaten-down fields. He also bought the ruined crops of several adjoining farms and turned them into straw to graze there. And John won his round with misfortune.

Because of the bank's confidence in John Freeman's integrity and judgment, loss was turned to gain. And not only for him. The neighbours got ready cash for crops which otherwise would have been a total loss.

Though this farmer's name was not "John Freeman," the facts in this story are true. It is typical of the thousand ways in which Canada's Chartered Banks aid credit-worthy people in all walks of life to profit from their individual enterprise and industry.

By banking during morning hours you can help the war effort, facilitate your own business, and lighten the wartime burden on the men and women in your branch bank. More than one-third of our experienced men have gone to war.

The CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

MOBILIZATION OF SINGLE MEN

A recent Proclamation, issued by His Excellency the Governor General in Council, provides that certain single men must register immediately for the Military Call-up. National Service Mobilization Regulations.

Single Men who must now register are those who were born in any year from 1904 to 1923 inclusive, and who did not previously undergo military examination under the Military Call-up.

Men actually in the Armed Services are exempt under the order, but men discharged from the Services, not previously medically examined under the Military Call-up, must now register.

"Single Men" referred to, now required to register include any man—born in any year of the years mentioned, who has not previously undergone military examination under the Military Call-up, and described as follows:—who was on the 15th day of May 1919 under 19 years of age, or who was the son of a child or children or has since the said day been divorced or judicially separated or become a widower without child or children."

It is pointed out that any man unmarried at July 15th, 1940, even if married since that date, is still classed as a single man.

Registration is to be made on forms available with Postmasters, National Selective Service Offices, or Registrars of Mobilization Boards.

Penalties are provided for failure to register

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

HUMPHREY MITCHELL, Director, National Selective Service

YOUR BREAD IS
EASY TO TAKE!WITH ROYAL YEAST
IT'S EASY TO MAKEOnly 2½ day
ensures against
baking failures!WRAPPED AIRTIGHT FOR
DEPENDABLE STRENGTH

SANDS OF HARD

By J. B. RYAN

CHAPTER VI

STORY and Annette Fournier listened tensely to metallic clicks and rasps as the guard struggled to insert the key and then they heard his voice, plaintive and trembling. "The key will not go into the lock, O Shah! The girl Kahir is behind me and has jammed the keyhole full of twisted wire or something."

Immedin granted. "That is impossible. Where, in these bars, could a prisoner obtain such a wire or any other metal? Give me that key!"

Out of the lock came sounds like the gnawing of a rat. The key on Story's side of the door wobbled in indication that the Berber was proceeding against the obstruction that prevented the door from being opened.

Abruptly the scratching sounds were replaced by silence. A flash of intuition told Story what was about to happen. A quick stride carried him away from the door as he saw Annette. "Get over here!" he muttered in her ear. "As far away from the door as you can!"

In the darkness he saw the girl move to the end of the end of the room. He stepped in the opposite direction, placing his back against the wall at the side of the door. Neither Immedin nor the guard knew that he was in the cell with Annette. Hardly had Story gained his position when the sound of a pistol-shot echoed through the prison. The bullet thumped into the door, crashing through the wood and metal about the lock. The offending key flew from his slanting hand, falling to the floor with pieces of splintered wood. More shots followed, and the iron lock rocked in its bed, concentrated under the blows of the concentrated fire, and with the final shot, became a shattered ruin.

The door crashed open and moved inward under an unseen hand. The light of the hall in the distance shone yellow square on the floor of the cell and brought into relief the figure of Annette huddled on the cot against the wall. The swinging door had paused almost at right angles, a springing light, cutting off any view of Jack Story who was behind.

"THAT'S the girl, O Shah!" said Immedin. "Drag her out!"

A shadow fell on the rectangle of light on the floor. As the guard stepped into the cell, the crunch of his boots on the floor was a covering for the soft footfalls of Story advancing step for step with him in the dark shadows on the other side of the door.

Story halted when he had reached the end of the door. The shoulder of the guard almost touched against him. As the Algerian started past him, Story thrust out his foot and hooked his ankle about that of the unsuspecting man.

The guard tripped and sprawled, landing heavily on the floor before the cot of Annette and Fournier, and the fellow could make a move to rise, the girl had dived from the pallet to the floor, landing on a springing tigress on the head and neck of the man.

"By Allah!" came the exasperated mutter of Immedin. "This is a covering clumasy as thou art witness! Get up, my calf, and bring out that girl!"

But for the moment, that was an order impossible for the hapless Shah to obey. Had Annette landed on his shoulders or his back he could have shaken her off.

The lighted area of the floor shifted, indicating that the guard was lowering the lamp hastily to the floor of the hall. Then the elongated shadow of the tall shaft swept into the cell as the Berber hurried to the assistance of the man. Story, threatening on the floor like a decapitated foot.

Jack Story gathered himself, and

at just the right instant, stepped from the shadow of the door squarely in the path of the angry Arab. Immedin, his attention caught by the stranger, stood for a moment, and then he was caught completely unawares. The fist of Story caught the cheek in the middle, landing precisely on the point of the man's chin, and Immedin, who was leaning forward, fell back before he started to flee.

STORY did not see the Kahir hit the floor, for he was hurrying to the assistance of Annette who, without prompting, had played the part of a powerful adversary. However, she relaxed her hold when Story stepped forward.

"Are you all right, Annette?" he inquired. "Just a little bit out of breath, Monsieur Jacques," she smiled, brushing back her disheveled hair. "Good, Story said. He bent down quickly over Immedin and started removing the headress and cloak from the body of the unconscious Berber. Standing up he draped the cloak about his own shoulders, then pulled turban, hulk and agal on his head.

"How do I look?" he asked, his usually pleasant-toned voice as harsh and cold as was that of the man whose body he was removing. "Think I can pass for the Sheikh El Kahir long enough to fool his companions who will be waiting for us outside?"

"I think I can manage," he grinned. "I'll be back in ten minutes, straight for them to see my features clearly."

"They would have to move slowly and deliberately now that headlong flight was over. He looked at the girl and he was ready to leave, but he could not leave Immedin and the alarm before they were clear of the building if not Al Sufra itself. So Jack Story carried the Shah and the Berber chief into an adjoining cell, where he was waiting.

"We'll have to go out the front way," Story announced, when the girl and he were ready to leave. "We might cause some wonder if Immedin were seen sneaking out the back door, and we must act just as the sheik himself would."

She followed him down the hall. The office of Captain Lebeau lay between them and the street door, and as they neared the room, Story's step lagged at sight of the man streaming through the door of the office.

"Eat Right To Feel Right" Is Theme
In Nutrition Services "Food Revue"

The front line in the chorus of the 1943 edition of the Food Revue is filled by the foods that play the stellar roles in this production whose theme is "Eat Right To Feel Right." Milk, fruits, vegetables, meat and whole grain cereals are the front liners, while sweets and butter along with eggs provide energy in the back row.

Canadians are being asked to use less butter. A reduction of one ounce a week is the amount of the saving asked for. This means that individual

ANNETTE, too, came to a pause beside him. It was explained, at last why the soldiers of Capt. Lebeau were not investigating the shooting in another part of the building. Lined up against the wall of the office were Sgt. Jardin and a dozen Spahis, and the room almost to capacity were the Berbers of Immedin, every man of whom had a weapon of some sort in his hand.

"You cannot go through there, Jacques," whispered Annette. "The light will fall on your face as soon as you step in the room and they will know you for a masquerader."

Story smiled like a chin, then his face cleared. "If I should carry you through that room," he suggested, "if you would pretend to be unconscious and drop your head on my shoulder, the head of your harridan might prevent them from obtaining a clear view of my features."

For answer Annette turned to face him, stepping clear like a girl waiting to be lifted by a parent. Story gathered the small figure in his arms and the dark curls of the girl brushed against his face as they stepped into the hall.

"Let your arms hang loose and keep your eyes closed," he murmured to her, then started toward the room filled with light and with men.

There was a stir of bodies and a crowd of eyes as Story entered the crowded office and instantly he was surrounded by a mill of robed figures. But Story refused to allow the press to slow his progress toward the door.

"Outside, O Kahir!" he commanded. "Break breaking his nose, his rasping voice, and the cold of the night against his nose and lips. "Our work is done under his chin."

Their own clamor prevented the Berbers from following him, and the quality in the voice of their supposed leader. They trooped after Story as the girl, still holding her head down, followed the remaining half, and "out" into the night-immedin.

ONE lone Kahir was in the street, guarding the door to the building which explained the shooting you heard."

Still holding Annette, he swung himself under the saddle of the camel and found the stirrups with his toes. The drummers lunched together, and the drummers of the camel, he found the corner and turned. The choice direction was such that Story drew his camel to a halt.

"No!" he rasped. "We do not go to the street. We go to the wall."

Surprised faces turned toward the supposed Immedin as the Berbers pulled their camels up short. A voice said, "but this is the way you yourself had decided that we were to leave the oasis, O Sheikh."

"Story carried under his breath. "Yes, I know, he tried to explain, else go this way, as I think it is my aim, since we have forgotten the silver of the foreigners. Must we leave that wealth behind? No, none of you, to the caravanserai, and secure the silver in the middle bag of the dead outlander. I shall meet you outside the wall."

The last uncompleted sentence fell upon unhearing ears. At the first glimpse of silver, the Berbers turned to get their hands on his share of the treasure, silver, linked in the ground and bolted back toward the night in the dust-filled street.

(To Be Continued)

GOOD SAYS TALK
An insurance agent was trying to sell a banker, but wasn't getting much of a response. "I'll give you a policy that will hold over for a couple of months," the banker finally told him.

"I can give you a policy that won't pay anything to your wife in the event of your death within the next two months," the agent said. "How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't buy a policy like that," the banker said. "Well, that's the kind you get if you don't apply now."

We understand that the banker bought.

Lively Words Add Spice
Bill waited for his next date with Dorothy.

He can almost see her happy smile, the friendly twinkle in her eyes. Her shining vocabulary gives him a little extra zest.

How he chuckled when she told him about the Japanese word for "poodle," which is a lump of nearly trimmed shrubbery rushing out to greet you.

And how his mouth waters as she recites those "crisp, golden muffins" she's planning for Sunday breakfast. How YOU make commonplace things vivid and amusing?

Because she keeps her eyes open, picks up fresh colorful words and phrases from newspapers and magazines, she never resorts to "out comebacks like 'You're telling me.' (How's YOUR repartee?) And she's correct. You don't catch her saying "between you and I" for "between you and me," "hain't ought" for "ought not." (What's YOUR score on errors in English?)

Chatting with old friends, meeting new ones, or talking to the boss, you need a good vocabulary—and our 32-page booklet tells you how to build it. Little errors you're likely to make and gives correct forms. Explains meanings of words often misused, tells what slang isn't.

Send in the coins for your copy of this booklet to improve your vocabulary to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg

Ave. E. Winnipeg, Man. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and the name of the booklet.

SMILE AWHILE

"Are your eggs fresh?"
"Madam, the hen doesn't realize I've got them yet."

"The doctor said at once that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue."

Husband (alighted)—Good heaven! I do hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that, dear."

"Cheer up," said the doctor, "I've had exactly the same complaint myself."

"Yes," replied the patient, doubtfully, "but you didn't have the same doctor."

Neighbor (sympathetically)—And I know how long these years must seem to you.

Deersted Wife—Yes, but I remember when he left just as if it had been yesterday—how he stood at the door, holding it open until six flies got into the house.

"Oh, yes, they are a distinctly literary family," said one neighbor to another. The daughter writes poetry nobody will print, the son writes plays nobody will act, and the grand old lady writes novels nobody will read."

"And what does the father write?"

"Oh, he writes checks that no body will cash."

Mandy—Dees says that young nigga Exodus Johnson done got a terrible position in de army.

Liza—Is dat so? What sort o'va position is it?

Mandy—Why, dey say he's done attached to a flyin' corps.

The Boss—Say, young lady, you're 20 minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start to work this store?

New Employee—Why, no, sir. They're always at it when I get here.

Mrs. White—"Mrs. Gray's husband didn't leave her much when he died, did he?"

Mrs. Black—"No, but he left her often while he was alive."

Mrs. Scott, reading the evening newspaper: "It says 'Stock up on this store'."

Bill: "That's a fine thing to tell us with our coal bin full of sugar."

The teacher inquired whether the pupils had any favorite song they would like to sing.

"The National Anthem," suggested one.

"What made you think of the National Anthem?"

"Because," replied the boy, "then's it's time to go home."

HOME SERVICE

CHARMING SPEECH WINS MORE BEAUX

1 Chopping
2 I like hair
3 I breathe
4 I breathe
5 I breathe
6 I breathe
7 I breathe
8 I breathe
9 I breathe
10 I breathe
11 I breathe
12 I breathe
13 I breathe
14 I breathe
15 I breathe
16 I breathe
17 I breathe
18 I breathe
19 I breathe
20 I breathe
21 I breathe
22 I breathe
23 I breathe
24 I breathe
25 I breathe
26 I breathe
27 I breathe
28 I breathe
29 I breathe
30 I breathe
31 I breathe
32 I breathe
33 I breathe
34 I breathe
35 I breathe
36 I breathe
37 I breathe
38 I breathe
39 I breathe
40 I breathe
41 I breathe
42 I breathe
43 I breathe
44 I breathe
45 I breathe
46 I breathe
47 I breathe
48 I breathe
49 I breathe
50 I breathe
51 I breathe
52 I breathe
53 I breathe
54 I breathe
55 I breathe
56 I breathe
57 I breathe
58 I breathe
59 I breathe
60 I breathe
61 I breathe
62 I breathe
63 I breathe
64 I breathe
65 I breathe
66 I breathe
67 I breathe
68 I breathe
69 I breathe
70 I breathe
71 I breathe
72 I breathe
73 I breathe
74 I breathe
75 I breathe
76 I breathe
77 I breathe
78 I breathe
79 I breathe
80 I breathe
81 I breathe
82 I breathe
83 I breathe
84 I breathe
85 I breathe
86 I breathe
87 I breathe
88 I breathe
89 I breathe
90 I breathe
91 I breathe
92 I breathe
93 I breathe
94 I breathe
95 I breathe
96 I breathe
97 I breathe
98 I breathe
99 I breathe
100 I breathe

ALL-BRAN TAUGHT
ME SOMETHING
ABOUT CONSTIPATION

Have you, too, learned what all-bran can do to relieve the cause of constipation due to the lack of the right amount of "bulk" in the diet? It's a "better way" than forcing yourself to take harsh purgatives that offer only temporary relief. Just try eating delicious KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every morning. That's the

simple means that thousands use to keep regular. . . NATURE! Enjoy it as a cereal or in tasty muffins. . . drink plenty of water. . . and see what it does for you! Buy ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, in two convenient sizes: in individual serving packages at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

An Excellent Food

For Balancing Food Shortages There Are Many Fish Varieties
Balancing food shortages in many lines, several varieties of fish are available in most sections of Canada.

An excellent food in itself, fish lends itself to combination with many other foods, and can be served in dozens of different ways, hot and cold.

A recipe book, "100 Tempting Fish Recipes," telling clever and attractive ways to serve the different kinds of fish from Canadian coastal and inland waters, will be forwarded on request by the Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.

A statement said the aim in placing the fish under export control was not to prohibit their export but to provide a "fair and impartial means" for the benefit of the domestic trade among the fishermen and companies concerned, help check the activities of speculative and irregular operators and aid in stabilizing market prices for fresh-water fish, both in Canada and the United States.

War has done what age could not do in the case of E. J. Adams, of Gresham, Oregon. Adams, now 93, has given up golf. He had pursued the game by taxi using a cab to drive around the course. The judge ruled such a "waste" of gasoline illegal, and fined the cab driver.

X-X OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE X-X

No. 4813

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

—France courtesy Monetary Union, Toronto.

A train crossing Canada in winter travels on nearly two miles of air. Contraction of steel rails in cold weather creates space between each rail.

—A collection of facts described in an Associated Screen "Did You Know That?" movie short.

Scorching

For quick relief from itching of nose, throat, skin, etc., use Scorching. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It kills germs and bacteria. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It kills germs and bacteria. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It kills germs and bacteria.

